

ACT I - Scene I

(A little, bow-legged sort of shop, in which poverty fights ingenuity. Everything is poor, mended, but interesting and cheerful - a cuckoo clock, music boxes, pots with faces, a workbench (cabinet type), miscellaneous wood, shavings. There is a fireplace, a bench or two, tools on the table. At scene opening, it is midnight with only fireplace light, and no one about except a cricket on the hearth, who utters periodic chirpy snores. A village clock strikes twelve, followed by the cuckoo clock, which manages only about six, and then relapses into snores too.)

The door opens quietly, and the BLUE FAIRY peeps in, then enters. She is delighted with the place, dancing about and touching various objects, including the cuckoo clock, which gives its other six cuckoos, and the CRICKET, who wakens and sits up.

CRICKET--Jiminee! A real fairy! Jiminee!

FAIRY--So you are the cricket on the hearth that every good house has. Today you begin your real life as a friend to Geppetto the woodcarver who owns this shop, and to his son.

CRICKET--His son? Geppetto is a childless old man. He has no son.

FAIRY--(Now dancing with a block of wood that also begins to glow with the same light she does.) He will have--wait and see!

CRICKET--Jim-m-m-in-ee! (She vanishes and the stage goes dark momentarily. Cricket goes back to sleep. But the block of wood that BLUE FAIRY danced with continues to glow for a time. Then it too settles to sleep... Lights come up slowly, cuckoo emits eight waking, yawning cuckoos.) *on bench?*

FIRE-EATER (outside, calls) Master Geppetto! Good Master Geppetto, are you at home? (Cricket hides behind the bench as Fire-eater, the showman, enters. He is carrying the headless body of a puppet, is a huge man with black beard.) Ten thousand furies, is there no one at home?

(From a pile of paper and shavings in a corner there is a stirring, then GEPPETTO sleepily arises. He is a little man with a big white wig, usually a little askew. He adjusts his glasses and..)

GEPPETTO (apologetically) Nobody but me.

FIRE-EATER (Heartily) Well, well, well! My good friend, Master Geppetto, the finest woodcarver in all Italy! And the only one without a bed!

GEPPETTO. Ah yes! Someday, there will be time and money for that, I hope. Meanwhile, the shavings are soft and the papers warm. What brings the Fire-eater, the greatest puppet master in the world, to my door so early in the morning? Are your puppets ailing? Has one broken an arm or a leg that you seek me?

FIRE-EATER. - No, not that. But yesterday, one was a real woodenhead and did everything wrong. When I scolded him and shook him after the show, he lost his head, which rolled into the fire. It served to cook my dinner, but now I have a headless puppet, and I have just learned that the King has come to town and will attend my performance this afternoon. I cannot be one puppet short for his Royal Highness.

GEPPETTO--This is a national calamity! Can you not put off the performance for the King, or give the part to another puppet?

FIRE-EATER--No, no! None is smart enough to dance and sing as this one did. I worried all night, and this morning an idea popped into my head. So I came to see you at once.

GEPPETTO--But why me?

FIRE-EATER--Aha, my friend! You will go to work at once and carve a new head for my puppet. This will be the best and smartest head you have ever made, so I can teach him quickly to dance, to fence, to leap like an acrobat, to sing and to act. He must be ready for this afternoon, or his Royal Highness will have both our heads!

THE LOG--Bravo, Pudding head! *(Speaker in bench?)*

FIRE-EATER (To Geppetto) Why do you insult me?

GEPPETTO--Who insults you?

FIRE-EATER--You called me Pudding head!

GEPPETTO--I did not!

FIRE-EATER--Now you deny it! Are you suggesting that I am hearing things? Who else is there? It was you!

BOTH--No, yes, no, yes----etc. (They fight, with much blowing and puffing. When both fall down, they have exchanged wigs)

GEPPETTO--Give me back my wig.

FIRE-EATER--And you give me mine. Let us be friends. What were we fighting about anyway?

GEPPETTO--Ah, yes, let us shake hands and be friends for the rest of our lives.

FIRE-EATER--Agreed. Now, to the new puppet. Can you make a new head like the one I need?

GEPPETTO--For you, my friend, I will do my best. Here is a piece of wood that is very hard and very good. (He gets the log that glows) I rescued it yesterday from Antonio, the furniture maker. He tried to split it for chair legs, and he said it not only would not split, but also that it leaped at his legs and hit him in the shins. Imagine that! He must have been dreaming. (As he shows the log to Fire-eater, it leaps from his hands and strikes Fire-eater on the shins.)

FIRE-EATER--Ouch! Oh, oh, oh, you have lamed me, you clumsy wood butcher!

GEPPETTO--I did not do it. The wood leaped from my hands as if it were alive!

FIRE-EATER--Now you dream like Antonio! No, it was you. You are no friend.

GEPPETTO--No, the wood hit you.

FIRE-EATER--I know the wood hit me, blockhead, but you threw it.

GEPPETTO--I did not!

FIRE-EATER--Liar!

THE LOG--(Aping Geppetto's voice) Puddinghead!

(from where?)

FIRE-EATER--So you insult me again!

GEPPETTO--I did not--it was the log.

FIRE-EATER--Now you blame the wood for speaking too! Do you think I am a stupid child?

GEPPETTO--Yes, and a Puddinghead to boot!

FIRE-EATER--Donkey!

GEPPETTO--Puddinghead!

FIRE-EATER--Baboon!

GEPPETTO--Puddinghead!

FIRE-EATER--Ass!

*where does
it go,
during
following?*

(They fight again - and again sink down exhausted with wigs exchanged)

GEPPETTO--(sheepishly) Give me back my wig.

FIRE-EATER--And you give me mine, and we will be friends.

GEPPETTO--Yes, we will be friends forever.

FIRE-EATER--Agreed. Now I must rush back to make my theatre ready and to prepare my puppets. Please start on the new head at once, then fit it to the body and bring it to me by the stroke of twelve. Otherwise, I cannot make it ready for the show in time.

GEPPETTO--I will start to work at once, my friend. Arrivedierci!

FIRE-EATER--Buon giorno, my friend. (He goes)

(Geppetto carries the block to the bench, begins to plane it)

THE LOG--stop! You're tickling me!

(Geppetto falls back amazed. He looks all around the room, inside the cuckoo clock, etc., shrugs, and returns to the bench, this time to carve with mallet and chisel.)

GEPPETTO--My imagination is playing me tricks! I should eat breakfast, but there is no time.

THE LOG--Oh, oh! You are hurting me! Please do not strike so hard!

GEPPETTO--(Falling back again) Where on earth does that little voice come from?

There is no living soul here but me! Then who said "Oh, oh!"? Is it possible that this piece of wood can cry and talk like a child? I cannot believe it. It is a log just like the others, which, in a fire, would scarcely boil a pot of beans. Could somebody be hidden inside it? Let us see. (He sets to work again)

THE LOG--That's better, be careful around my eyes.

GEPPETTO--What a wonderful piece of wood this is! I see it all now--it is the wood itself that speaks to me. What a wonderful puppet it will make! (He works on the head) Much too good for Fire-eater. He would only get mad at it and might even throw it in the fire as he did the other one. No, I will make this puppet for my very own. I will travel the world with it; it will make my fortune. (Wood falls

away, revealing eyes) Eyes, why do you stare at me? (He "carves" the mouth). Mouth, why do you grin?

THE LOG--I am neither looking at you or grinning. (The nose starts to grow)

GEPPETTO--Nose, why do you grow like this? My grandmother told me that your nose grows long only when you lie. Well, we can fix that. (He picks up a knife or sword and whacks the nose off - it grows, he cuts, etc., until it becomes a frantic contest.) Horrible nose, stop growing!³ Wicked nose!⁴ Naughty nose!⁵

THE LOG--I'm sorry I lied. (The nose stops growing - here the proper size or shape may be substituted)

GEPPETTO--Now to make ears, so you can hear. Now we fasten you to the body. (He does so, with much bustling and shielding. He "inadvertently" pushes the body off the back of the bench) Why did you jump like that? Now you have fallen and may hurt yourself. (he goes behind bench, pulls out real PINOCCHIO whom he props against bench front.) There you are. I hope you aren't hurt. (As he turns his back, the puppet sticks out its tongue, then kicks him) What was that? Who kicked me? (He stoops over the puppet, which snatches his wig, and puts it on.)

GEPPETTO--Here, here, you young rascal! Give me back my wig this minute!. My goodness, you are just as mischievous as a real boy -- and you aren't even finished yet. (The puppet hands him the wig.) That's better. You must show respect for your father, you know. Oh yes, you must have a name. I'll call you Pinocchio - after a whole family of Pinocchios I knew once. The grandfather was called Pinocchio, the father was called Pinocchio, and the son was called Pinocchio (counting on his fingers). The mother was called Pinocchio too, which was sometimes very confusing. They were like me - they had nothing, but they were very happy. The richest of them all was a beggar. So Pinocchio your name shall be.

THE LOG--Pinocchio. I like that name.

THE CRICKET--Pinocchio. I like that name. (Both Geppetto and Pinocchio are astonished. Each looks at the other.)

PINOCCHIO--Did you hear that?

(Need time in here to get head out of log proper)

*(picking up
to show audience?)*

must be set on table before this

*Physical
Annot
to this*

GEPPETTO--Yes, it must be an echo.

PINOCCHIO--What's an echo?

GEPPETTO--That's when a wall, or a mountain, throws your voice back at you. Let's try it again. Hello! HELLO! H-E-L-L-O ! (There is no sound. They look at each other, shaking their heads.) Oh well, we must both be imagining things. Come on, young man, let's see if you can walk. (He helps Pinocchio stand up. Business of Pinocchio wabbling, slumping, falling, but finally walking unsteadily, then walking surely, running, even doing a somersault, while Geppetto applauds and shouts)

GEPPETTO--Bravo, Pinocchio! You learn very fast. You must go to school!

PINOCCHIO--I can't go to school. (He sits down). Not today. I...I have no coat.

GEPPETTO--That's easily fixed. I am not a tailor, but I will make you one. (He tears one out of brown paper, stands PINOCCHIO up and fits it on him.) That is a paper coat, and will keep out the wind. But don't go out in the rain. Now, off to school with you.

PINOCCHIO--(Starts for the door, but stops, comes back and sits down). As much as I'd like to go to school, I cannot go today.

GEPPETTO--Why not?

PINOCCHIO--I have no hat.

GEPPETTO--We'll soon fix that too. (He takes a loaf of round bread from a cabinet, tears out the center and puts it on PINOCCHIO'S head. Waggishly, he adds a feather) There you are - a hat fit for a king. That - with my last egg - was to be my breakfast, but I'll eat tomorrow. Today, you must go to school.

PINOCCHIO--But I don't want to - - I have no shoes.

GEPPETTO--These pieces of bark will make fine shoes. (He ties them onto PINOCCHIO'S feet) There you are...dressed like a gentleman.

(PINOCCHIO is delighted, preens himself, struts.)

PINOCCHIO--I do look like a gentleman.

GEPPETTO--Yes, Pinocchio. It is not fine clothes that make the gentleman, but clean, neat ones.

PINOCCHIO--I will always remember what you tell me, Papa. (He bumps into the bench, getting a spot.) Oh, here is a spot already. I will fix that. (He tears it out) There, it is gone! Am I not clever? Even you, Papa, would never have thought of such a clever way to remove spots. I am much too clever to go to school; I will learn a trade.

THE CRICKET--Nobody is that clever, not even Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO--There's that voice again - just like something inside me.

THE CRICKET--(aside) So that's what the Blue Fairy meant! An outside conscience for a puppet. Well, so be it!

PINOCCHIO--Do you hear that voice, Papa? It sounds almost like it is inside me.

GEPPETTO--Perhaps it is, Pinocchio, because I heard nothing. I've just been thinking, though, that you must go to school to learn all you can. You're much too young to learn a trade

THE CRICKET--Righto - and bravo - Geppetto.

PINOCCHIO--Just what I was thinking...(to himself) There's that voice again.....You are right as always, Papa. I will go to school today. Tomorrow I will learn a trade. But, to go to school, I must have a spelling book.

GEPPETTO--You are right, my son, but I have no money to buy a book.

PINOCCHIO--Then I cannot go to school. Oh, what an unlucky boy I am, to have a father with no money! (He weeps).

THE CRICKET--Money isn't everything. Lots of boys have had to learn to get along without it.

GEPPETTO--Patience, patience! I think I have an idea. (He finds his coat under the pile of newspapers, dusts it off and puts it on.) Wait here. I will be back directly. Now, be a good boy, and do not go out of the house. And be careful--I'll be right back. (He goes out.)

PINOCCHIO--Poor papa! He is so old he does not remember what it is like to be young and to have to waste time in school. I'll bet he didn't like school either. I'm only 20 minutes old, and I want to play. (He starts for the door.)

THE CRICKET--Your papa told you to stay here.

PINOCCHIO--(whirling) Who said that?

THE CRICKET--(coming out) I did.

PINOCCHIO--Who are you? Where did you come from?

THE CRICKET--I'm Jiminy Cricket, and I've always lived here - at least for a hundred years or so. I'm the cricket on the hearth, you know.

PINOCCHIO--Well, I live here now, and there isn't room for you, with all your advice. Why don't you go away?

THE CRICKET--I will, if you don't act right. But there are some things you should know. You said a while ago that my voice sounded like it came from inside you. Well, that's my job! I'm your conscience, the voice inside you that warns you when you do wrong.

PINOCCHIO--(angrily) But I don't want a voice to warn me when I do wrong. It's fun to do what I want to do. I don't need you to make me feel bad.

THE CRICKET--Yes you do, Pinocchio, because you have no conscience of your own. Without me you'd get into trouble. If you had gone out of the house just now, there's no telling what trouble you'd have gotten into. You'd at least have gotten lost, and then your Papa would worry and be sad.

PINOCCHIO--Sing away, Cricket. That's your job. But I already know all I need to know. I don't want to go to school; I want to play - to chase butterflies, throw sticks at dogs and cats, break windows, and just have fun.

THE CRICKET--All those things are not really fun, and they hurt somebody else. You need to go to school - you certainly do. You act like a wooden head, but then I suppose that's all you are!

PINOCCHIO--Don't talk to me like that! You're nothing but a cricket, and you make me mad, taking on airs.

THE CRICKET--Your papa should turn you over to Fire-eater! Then he'd be paid so he could eat, and you'd learn what it is to have to work to eat. And you'd get little enough even so.

PINOCCHIO--Now you have made me mad. (he throws the mallet at Cricket, but it goes only a little way, then flies back and hits him - one of the virtues of a long rubber cord). Ouch! Now you've hurt me (He cries.)

THE CRICKET--No, you hurt yourself by trying to be mean. See here, why don't you try to be a good boy? You can't get rid of me, so why not be friends? You call me Jiminy and I'll call you Pinoke. Oke, Pinoke?

PINOCCHIO--Oke, Jiminy. Now that we're friends, let's eat together. Here is my Papa's egg - I'll make you an omelet! (He goes to the saucepan at the hearth, while Jiminy watches, shaking his head.)

where? u.c. d.l. up. d.r. c.?

THE CRICKET--I don't think you should, Pinoke. What will your Papa eat?

PINOCCHIO--Oh, he'll bring food back with him - and if he doesn't, we can always eat my hat. (He cracks the egg, and a bird flies out)

THE BIRD--Thanks a lot, Pinocchio. You saved me the trouble of cracking the egg. So long, until we meet again. Say hello to your Papa, and stay well. (He flies out)

BOTH--Well, isn't that something! A flying omelet.

THE CRICKET--I had my mouth set for omelet too! Oh, well, I think I'll get some sleep. I've been awake off and on all night, and watching you can be mighty wearing. Why don't you sit down too? (He stretches, yawns, and stretches out.)

PINOCCHIO--Good idea. He sits down next to the fire - nods - and stretches out, with his feet too close to the fire. They begin to smoke. GEPPETTO ENTERS, sees the smoke and rushes over to him)

GEPPETTO--Pinocchio! Pinocchio! Wake up, wake up! (He rushes over, drags Pinocchio away from the fire, and throws a pan of water on his feet.) Oh, my poor Pinocchio, how did you get into the fire? You are a puppet, and a puppet is wood - which burns easily.

PINOCCHIO--I don't want to be a puppet; I want to be a real boy! Then I could feel my feet if they start to burn, and I would have a conscience of my own instead of having to depend on Jiminy Cricket.

GEPPETTO--What is all this? Who is Jiminy Cricket?

PINOCCHIO--There he is, right over the---(But the CRICKET has rolled up in the newspapers and has "disappeared"..) He was right there! He's the cricket on the hearth, but he talks just like you do. It was his voice we heard before!

GEPPETTO--There, there, you must be dreaming! Here is a pear they gave me at the market, and here is your new spelling book. I bought it just for you.

PINOCCHIO--But wait, Papa --you didn't have any money for a book. And the pear... (he notices Geppetto's coat is gone.) Oh, you sold your coat! Just for me. And now I have the book, but no feet, so I can't go to school!

GEPPETTO--We'll fix that, because I am a woodcarver -- and Fire-eater says I'm a very good one! (He bustles about the bench and Pinocchio, shortly says..) There you are, as good as new! Now off to school with you!

PINOCCHIO--I have learned a lesson even before I go to school. I have been a disobedient boy and made trouble. But I won't any more. Papa, is it true that I'm only a puppet, and have a wooden head?

GEPPETTO--Yes, I'm afraid so, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO--But I don't want to be a puppet--I want to be a real boy!

GEPPETTO--I'm afraid you can't be, Pinocchio. But if you go to school and work hard, you can be the finest and best puppet in all the world - one that works without strings.

PINOCCHIO--(As he goes out the door) But I want to be a real boy....

THE CRICKET--(Jumping up and terrifying Geppetto) Hey, Pinoke, wait for me! (He rushes out as the scene ends.)

ACT I- Scene 2--On The Way To School

This scene is played before the curtain to cover set change behind. No scenery required.

PINOCCHIO--(enters left.) Today I will learn to read, tomorrow to write, the next

day to do arithmetic. Then the next day I will learn a trade, so I can buy my Papa some food and a new coat. The coat will have big silver buttons and he will be a very fine gentleman, as he deserves to be. He is the finest Papa in the whole world. (The music begins - a typical carnival razz-ma-tazz). What can that music be? I would go and find out, but today I must go to school. But I must know where the music comes from. It will take just a minute, and then I will go on to school as my good Papa wishes. (He goes out right)

THE CRICKET--(entering left). Hey Pinoke! Wait for me! Hey, Pinoke, where are you? (He goes out right)

ACT I - Scene 3--Exterior of the Great Puppet Theatre

A little Italian street, with theatre entrance in center, a couple of puppets at left, a crowd at right, mostly children, with balloons, etc. Fire-eater enters as curtain rises. A fanfare of trumpets. He begins his spiel...

FIRE-EATER--Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to call your attention to the most monumental, most stupendous theatrical production of this or any other time, a colossal extravaganza - the greatest aggregation of performing puppets ever gathered together. (Band fanfare drowns him out - he talks on, but cannot be heard. Finally gets down and goes into the theatre to silence them. During this period, Pinocchio enters at theatre rear and comes down the aisle. The crowd on stage talks and laughs.)

PINOCCHIO--The music is becoming louder. I wonder what it is. Now it has stopped, and I will never find where it was. Little boy (girl) where is the music? Is it a parade? A carnival? A theatre? WHAT! A puppet theatre? Where, where? (He runs up onto the stage.) Hey, little boy, what does that sign say?

CANDLEWICK--Read it, and you will know.

PINOCCHIO--I would be happy to, but today I cannot read.

CANDLEWICK--You are a blockhead! Well, I will read it to you. It says "Great Puppet Theatre".

PINOCCHIO--I want to see it. Can I go in?

CANDLEWICK--No, Blockhead, you must buy a ticket for two pennies.

PINOCCHIO--But I have no money. Will you lend me twopence until tomorrow?

CANDLEWICK--I would be glad to, but I am not lending pennies today.

PINOCCHIO--Will you buy my hat?

CANDLEWICK--No, I don't want a piece of old bread. It will only attract the mice.

PINOCCHIO--Will you buy my jacket for two pennies?

CANDLEWICK--What can I do with a paper jacket with holes in it? If it rained, it would fall apart.

PINOCCHIO--How about my shoes?

CANDLEWICK--What do you take me for, a dunce? Your shoes are just bark, and good only for a fire.

PINOCCHIO--Well, how about my spelling book, then?

CANDLEWICK--I am a boy, and I don't buy from boys.

FIRE-EATER (returning)--And now, ladies and gentlemen, on with our show. This afternoon, I have it on good authority, the King himself will be here to see the show.

PINOCCHIO--Please, Mister Fire-eater, will you take my spelling book instead of two pennies?

FIRE-EATER--Run along, little boy, I don't need a spelling book. Wait a minute!

Aren't you the puppet that Geppetto was to make for me? But you walk, and talk, as puppets cannot do. But, of course, you are my puppet. And you're here just in time, too.

PINOCCHIO--No, sir, I am Pinocchio, Geppetto's son. It is true I am a puppet, but I must go to school and learn. But first I want to see your show.

FIRE-EATER--(Slyly) Ah hah, my boy. See it you shall! And for nothing! (Aside)

Yes, my boy, you will not only see it, you will be in it! A talking puppet with no strings! His Royal Highness will be amazed and will reward me handsomely. (To Pinocchio) But you cannot enter my theatre in such a costume. Here, take these five silver pieces and run to the store. I would go with you, but I cannot leave my

theatre now. Get a hat, a coat, and new shoes, and hurry back, for the show is about to start. Here, I will keep your spelling book for you. Now hurry! (Pinocchio runs off)

THE CRICKET--(running on) Has anybody seen Pinocchio? How can I watch him when I can't find him? Hey, Pinoke! (He runs off, and the fanfare and hubbub start again)

FIRE-EATER--Come one, come all! Hurry, hurry, hurry! The greatest puppet show on earth! Two pennies - and the wonders of the earth are spread before you. Two pennies--and the sweetest music of the spheres will greet your ears. Would you laugh? Only two pennies. Would you weep? Only two pennies. Would you be amazed, frightened, amused, soothed? Two pennies, only two pennies. (The curtains close).

ACT I Scene 4--The Deep, Dark Woods

(A woodland scene, with two or three trees standing out. Enter Pinocchio from right)

PINOCCHIO--Let's see now. Where was I going? Fire-eater gave me these five silver pieces and told me to hurry....But then I saw the cart with the tin pans, and the driver with rings in his ears. And then I followed the bird with the golden wings. And now where am I?

THE FOX--Lost in the wood, Pinocchio, and lucky you are that we came along.

PINOCCHIO--How did you know my name?

THE FOX--I know your father well

PINOCCHIO--Where did you see him last?

THE FOX--This very morning at the door of his cottage.

PINOCCHIO--And what was he doing?

THE FOX--He was in his shirt sleeves and was shivering with the cold. Allow me to introduce my friend, Cat. (Cat bows) We are poor but honest wayfarers like yourself, I with a lame leg, my friend blind, but he supports me and I guide him, so we get along well enough.

PINOCCHIO--I am very pleased to meet you both. I am honest like you, but I am no longer poor. See, I have here five silver pieces (shows them - Cat's eyes pop open,

then quickly shut, and Fox forgets his "lameness" momentarily).

THE FOX--What are you going to do with all that money?

PINOCCHIO--I am going to buy a new coat for my father, and - oh yes, one for me, as well as shoes and a hat. Now I remember what I was to do - I was to buy clothes! And tomorrow I must go to school to learn to read.

THE FOX--Never do that! Look at me! Through my foolish efforts to study I have become lame.

THE CAT--Look at me! Through my foolish efforts to study I have lost the sight of both eyes.

THE FOX--You are much too talented to study. Do not waste your time in school.

THE CAT--Much too talented.

THE FOX--Ah, no! Listen to us and make your fortune.

THE CAT--Yes, your fortune!

PINOCCHIO--But I already have a fortune, and my father is waiting, and Fire-eater is waiting, and...

THE FOX--Wait just a minute, Pinocchio. How would you like to make of your five miserable silver pieces a hundred, a thousand, even two thousand?

PINOCCHIO--Is it honest? In what way?

THE FOX--The way is easy enough - just follow our advice.

THE CAT--Our advice (She smiles behind a paw)

PINOCCHIO--How delightful! I think I will follow your advice. And as soon as I have obtained those silver pieces, I will give you half for your trouble.

THE FOX--What trouble? What are you thinking of?

THE CAT--Thinking of?

THE FOX--We do not work for pay, but to help others.

THE CAT--Others.

PINOCCHIO--What good people you are! Tell me then how to get all those silver pieces.

THE FOX--It is very simple. This woods is called the Forest of Miracles. Let us set to work. We will dig a little hole here at the root of this magic tree. In the hole we will bury, let us say, two of your silver pieces. Then, after we work the magic, the tree will have a thousand silver leaves - 500 for each one you planted.

PINOCCHIO--Why only two? Why not bury all five?

THE FOX--As you will. If you bury all five, you will have 2500 silver pieces, enough for your father and you all your lives.

THE CAT--All your lives.

PINOCCHIO--Then, by all means, let us bury all five.

THE FOX--By all means.

THE CAT--By all means (They dig the hole and put in the coins)

THE FOX--Now we will sprinkle a pinch of salt on the silver coins, like this, and cover them with moist earth, like this. Now run down to the spring yonder and fetch a pail of water. Sprinkle this spot well, then wait about an hour. Your silver pieces will have grown into a tree by then, with each leaf a silver piece, and at least 2500 leaves.

PINOCCHIO--Hurrah, hurrah! A thousand thanks, my dear friends. Wait here for me; I will be back with the water in a minute or two. (He leaves. As soon as he disappears, the Fox digs up the silver and the two villains vanish. Pinocchio enters running with a pail of water.) Luck is with me today all right. Someone left a pail at the spring, so all I had to do was to fill it. Mr. Fox? Miss Cat? Where are you? (He searches) That's funny; they seem to have disappeared. Probably they left because they were afraid I'd insist on rewarding them for their help. And I would too. (He begins to water the hole. As he does, Jiminy Cricket appears at a dead run and skids past as he sees Pinocchio)

THE CRICKET--Oh there you are! I've been hunting you all day! Why didn't you wait for me?

PINOCCHIO--I was in too much of a hurry to get to school. And now I'm making my fortune. A Fox and a Cat showed me how.

THE CRICKET--They did what? And why are you watering that hole?

PINOCCHIO--They showed me how to plant the five silver pieces Fire-eater gave me, and in an hour I'll have 2500 pieces.

THE CRICKET--Oh, you blockhead! They have taken your money and run away, expecting to get an hour's start. I saw them running.

PINOCCHIO--That isn't true. They were nice people, and wouldn't do anything like that. Here, I'll show you (he digs frantically). Oh, Jiminy, the money is gone! You were right. How could they be so cruel? What a fool I am! I should have waited for you, so you could help me. I'm only a puppet with a wooden head. I never listen to good advice, and I always listen to bad advice.

THE CRICKET--Well, if you have found that out, at least there is hope for you. Now I'll tell you something. When the Fox and Cat saw me, they ran into the woods. The Fox stumbled over a root and dropped two of your coins. Here they are, Pinoke.

PINOCCHIO--Oh thank you! Things are not so bad after all. I am two silver pieces richer than this morning. Now I will hurry home to my Papa, and you go to the village and report the thieves to the police, Jiminy.

THE CRICKET--No, Pinoke, I'd better stay with you. It's getting dark, and you may get lost again, or run onto robbers.

PINOCCHIO--Don't you worry, Jiminy! I'll hide the money under my tongue. So long! (He puts the money in his mouth)

THE CRICKET--So long, Pinoke! Try not to get into trouble before I get back! (He goes) Pinocchio takes his money out, looks at it, returns it, and starts out, but is stopped by two masked figures - obviously THE FOX and THE CAT.

THE FOX--Your money or your life!

THE CAT--Your life.

PINOCCHIO--(with difficulty) I hab no muddy.

THE FOX--Come now. We know you have two silver pieces. Out with it. (Pinocchio shakes his head) Deliver up your money or you're a dead puppet.

THE CAT--Dead puppet.

Before the curtain.

JIMINY CRICKET--(enters, followed by a dog - use Nana costume - over whose back is draped Pinocchio) What shall I do? What shall I do? I went to the village, like Pinoke said, and when I said he had been robbed, they tried to put me in jail. And then, when I hurried on toward home, I found him unconscious, with his tongue hanging out, and this big dog barking at the Fox and the Cat. But Pinocchio is unconscious - or dead - and I don't know what to do. (He stops.) Hey, Pinoke, wake up! I need a doctor and some place warm. Help! Anybody, help! (He goes off stage, followed by the dog.)

ACT II Scene 2

(The Blue Fairy's bedroom, Pinocchio is in bed, with the Fairy, Cricket and the Dog in the room. A cheery, bright room, with a big, but high, window through which the top of the coach will later be seen. The dummy of Pinocchio is in the bed, with Pinocchio under it.)

BLUE FAIRY--He seems to be very ill from cold and being tied up so long. We had better have doctors - the best in the kingdom. (She claps her hands twice. The door opens, and an owl and a crow appear (or anything else for which we have costumes).) I wish to know from you learned gentlemen what to do for this unfortunate puppet. Is he alive or dead?

THE OWL--(Feels of Pinocchio's pulse, then his nose, then a toe) In my opinion, he is already quite dead, for he has no pulse and his limbs feel wooden.

THE CROW--(Goes through a like procedure, feeling forehead and elbow) I regret to disagree with my learned colleague, but it is my opinion that the puppet is very much alive.

THE OWL--If my earlier diagnosis is unfortunately incorrect, then the puppet may be alive.

THE CROW--If my earlier diagnosis is unfortunately incorrect, then the puppet may be dead.

THE CRICKET--(Going through the same procedure with pulse, ear and knee) When doctors disagree, it requires a specialist. I say he is half alive and half dead. A puppet cannot be more than either. This one is, in addition, a very bad boy, who disobeys everybody and always takes bad advice. He didn't even obey his father.

THE DOG--(Shoulders Cricket out of the way and makes his own tests) Ruff, ruff, ruff.

THE CRICKET--If he were alive, he would be only a bad boy again anyhow. (Pinocchio starts to cry - a loud wail)

THE OWL--When a dead person cries, it is a sign that he is beginning to get better.

THE CROW--I grieve to contradict the learned doctor, my illustrious colleague, but when a live person cries, it is a sign that he is sorry to die.

THE CRICKET--As for me, these wails mean nothing. This puppet has cried before. He has wept buckets, in fact, but wooden tears are merely sawdust. I say he should have a bitter pill to take.

BLUE FAIRY--Thank you, gentlemen, you have been most helpful. I believe the pill is a good idea. (She mixes a potion and brings it to the bed.) Here, Pinocchio, drink this and you will be well. (Owl and Crow leave)

PINOCCHIO--I cannot drink because my mouth is full.

BLUE FAIRY--What is in your mouth?

THE CRICKET--The two silver coins, I'll bet. How about it, Pinoke?

PINOCCHIO--No, I lost them. (His nose starts to grow) The robbers took them.

(His nose grows longer) I never had them. (His nose is now a foot long)

BLUE FAIRY--Your nose is growing, Pinocchio. You have been lying again!

PINOCCHIO--How do you know my nose grows if I lie?

BLUE FAIRY--That's easy! Lies are of two sorts, Pinocchio - lies that have short legs, and lies that have long noses. Both show at once, so they can be found out.

Can't roll off
with a long nose?
PROBLEM
HERE

THE CRICKET--When your father sees you, he will know you have lied. (To the sound of weeping, Pinocchio rolls off the bed.)

BLUE FAIRY--Come out at once, Pinocchio, you will get a chill! Take your medicine, like a good boy.

PINOCCHIO--No, I will not - my nose is too long. I cannot see my father with such a long nose.

BLUE FAIRY--If you are truly sorry, perhaps something can be done. But you must promise not to lie again.

PINOCCHIO--I promise - anything.

THE CRICKET--He always does - but he doesn't have brains enough to keep promises.

BLUE FAIRY--Well, we'll try. Nose, be short again. (She waves her wand.)

PINOCCHIO--It has gone back! Hurrah! (he leaps out from under the bed. The Blue Fairy signals him to get back into bed, but he shakes his head, etc., etc. Finally he sits on the edge.) See, here are the two silver coins for my Papa.

BLUE FAIRY--Here, now, take your medicine. Then, in a day or two, you will be cured and can take the coins to your father.

PINOCCHIO--Is the medicine sweet or bitter?

BLUE FAIRY--It is bitter, but it will make you well.

PINOCCHIO--If it is bitter, I will not take it. I don't like anything bitter.

BLUE FAIRY--Drink it, and when you have finished I will give you a lump of sugar to take away the taste.

PINOCCHIO--Where is the lump of sugar?

BLUE FAIRY--Here it is.

PINOCCHIO--Give me the lump of sugar, and then I will drink the bad, bitter medicine.

BLUE FAIRY--Do you promise - truly?

PINOCCHIO--I promise. (She gives him the sugar.) What a fine thing it would be if sugar was medicine. I would take it every day.

BLUE FAIRY--Now keep your promise, and drink the medicine, which will make you well again.

PINOCCHIO--(Smells tumbler, then starts to drink, then smells again) It is too bitter, I can't drink it. Too bitter.

BLUE FAIRY--How can you tell, when you haven't even tasted it?

PINOCCHIO--I can imagine it. It smells bitter. Give me another lump of sugar, and I will drink the medicine.

BLUE FAIRY--(Giving him a second lump.) Now, drink it with the sugar.

PINOCCHIO--Whoops! The sugar slipped down before I could drink it! I couldn't drink it anyway.

BLUE FAIRY--Why not?

PINOCCHIO--The door is open

BLUE FAIRY--(she closes the door) Now.

PINOCCHIO--This bed is too hard.

BLUE FAIRY--Then stand up. (He does) Now.

PINOCCHIO--No, no, no. I cannot. It is too bitter.

BLUE FAIRY--All right, if you must make a scene, you'll have to go to the hospital.

(She claps her hands, and the Owl and Crow reappear with a stretcher. Cricket and The Dog get at remaining handles.)

ALL--In you go, and out in the snow to the hospital. They'll wake you and wash you, and make you take your medicine.

PINOCCHIO--No, no, no. I don't want to go to the Hospital. Give me the medicine quick! (He gulps it down)

OWL--He could have shaken him up so nicely. All this trip in vain! Oh well, we'll wait outside. (They go out)

BLUE FAIRY--Was the medicine so bitter?

PINOCCHIO--I didn't notice - I drank it too fast.

CRICKET--Crim-in-ee! What a faker you are, Pinoke! I wonder why we bother.

THE DOG--Ruff!

BLUE FAIRY--How do you feel now?

PINOCCHIO--Fine. You are a very good fairy, and thank you very much.

BLUE FAIRY--I am pleased to help you, if you will be a good boy. I think you should stay here so I can take care of you. You can be my little brother.

PINOCCHIO--But how about Jiminy?

BLUE FAIRY--He can stay too. I need a cricket on my hearth, just as you need somebody to tell you what is right.

PINOCCHIO--That is fine, but I cannot stay! There is my poor papa to think of. He is poor and needs me.

BLUE FAIRY--We can arrange that too. (She claps her hands and the OWL comes in.)
Go to the home of Geppetto and tell him to come here to live with us. He can bring his tools, that darling cuckoo clock and whatever else he needs and wants.
(Owl leaves)

PINOCCHIO--What a wonderful fairy you are. Now I don't need to go to school or learn a trade. You can just wave your wand and get whatever I want to Play with.

BLUE FAIRY--There you go again! No, I cannot just wave my wand. Everything in this world must be earned, or he who gets it will not be helped by it.

CRICKET--Yes sir, Pinoke, there's the story about the ants who worked all summer while the cricket....Hey, what am I saying? Wow! I almost ruined my own reputation!

PINOCCHIO--I'm sorry, Fairy. I didn't think. You tell me what to do - I'll do whatever you say.

BLUE FAIRY--(Smiling) Well, Pinocchio, I think you'd better start proving your good intentions. Here is a spelling book for you. In a few minutes the boys will be going by on their way to school. When you come back this evening, your father will be here.

PINOCCHIO--Wouldn't it be better if I stayed here to greet my Papa today, and went to school tomorrow?

BLUE FAIRY--No, Pinocchio, you must trust me to know what is best for you.

Remember that you have promised to do whatever I asked. You go on to school. If you do, I will grant you the nicest thing you can wish for.

PINOCCHIO--I wish I could be a real boy.

THE CRICKET--Wow, Pinoke, that's a wish for fair!

BLUE FAIRY--Listen, Pinocchio. If you go to school and study hard, then tonight your wish will come true, - so your father will have a real boy.

PINOCCHIO--Do you really mean it? You are a kind and wonderful fairy and a perfect sister. (Sound of children talking and singing)

BLUE FAIRY--There are the children on their way to school. Get your things together (Pinocchio makes a face) Now, cheer up. Remember all that will happen tonight. And school is not at all bad.--you'll come to enjoy it. Listen to those children and how happy they sound. And think how pleased your father will be when he finds you've been to school. I'll go to make your lunch. (She goes out)

PINOCCHIO--(Running to the window) Wait for me. I'm going to school with you.

THE CRICKET--Attaboy, Pinoke!

CANDLEWICK--(Appearing at the window) Hello, there, blockhead!

PINOCCHIO--Hello...I am not a blockhead - at least I won't be soon. Why, I know you - saw you at the puppet theatre.

CANDLEWICK--Yup, that's right. My name is Candlewick.

PINOCCHIO--But how come you're here at the window?

CANDLEWICK--I'M escaping from the other kids.

PINOCCHIO--Why?

CANDLEWICK--Because they're on their way to school, and I don't want to go. I hate school.

PINOCCHIO--But I'm going to school too. I have promised the Blue Fairy to go.

And my father...

CANDLEWICK--Promises are easy to make and easier to break. I've made a thousand in my day and broken more than that.

THE CRICKET--Now, listen here. Don't you start on Pinoke again!

CANDLEWICK--Shut up, you, or I'll mash you like the bug you are.

PINOCCHIO--No, you won't. I won't let you. And I'm not one who breaks promises. I keep mine - at least I'm starting to. And if I go to school today, a great thing will happen to me.

CANDLEWICK--What?

PINOCCHIO--Tonight I will become a real boy like you.

CANDLEWICK--Hah! A lot of good that is. I have a much more interesting idea than that. Instead of going to school with those strange kids, come with me.

PINOCCHIO--Where are you going?

CANDLEWICK--To the most wonderful country in the world. It is called The Land of the BOOBIES, and it is full of all the things that boys like.

PINOCCHIO--No, no, I promised to go to school.

CANDLEWICK--You'll be sorry. This is a wonderful country - just like a big world's fair all over. There are rock-candy mountains, and peppermint-stick telephone poles, and trees of pistachio ice cream. Think of that! There are no schools there - nobody ever studies. There are no teachers and no books. There is never any school on Thursday and the weeks are all six Thursdays and a Sunday. There are no Saturdays, because that's when you have to do odd jobs. Vacations start on the first of January and end on the last day of December. That's a real country for us!

PINOCCHIO--But what do you do there?

CANDLEWICK--Oh, ride the merry-go-rounds, chute the chutes, play games, watch Television, play cowboys and Indians. Sounds good, doesn't it?

PINOCCHIO--HMMMMMMMM

CANDLEWICK--Well, how about it? Hurry up and decide.

PINOCCHIO--No, no. I mustn't. I've promised to be a good puppet, so the Blue Fairy and my father are both happy. Goodbye, and have a good trip.

CRICKET--Attaboy, Pinoke. That's the little man.

CANDLEWICK--So you're off to school. Well, all right, but wait a couple of minutes to see me off.

PINOCCHIO--I guess that's all right. My lunch isn't ready anyway.

CRICKET--It should be by now. Come on, Pinoke, we'd better be going. The fairy will scold.

CANDLEWICK--Let her scold. When she's through, she'll stop, and who's hurt?

PINOCCHIO--Are you going alone then?

CANDLEWICK--Alone? There'll be more than a hundred boys on the trip. A couple of big coaches, each drawn by a hundred donkeys. It will pass right by here in a couple of minutes. Why don't you wait and see me off?

PINOCCHIO--No, I'll be late for school. Goodbye. (He starts for the door, then stops Cricket has run to the door.) Are you really sure there are no schools where you're going?

CANDLEWICK--They don't even know the word.

PINOCCHIO--And no teachers?

CANDLEWICK--None.

PINOCCHIO--And nobody studies?

CANDLEWICK--Nobody

PINOCCHIO--It sounds like a wonderful country. I wish I could go.

CANDLEWICK--Aw, come on, Fraidy Cat!

PINOCCHIO--No, I won't. You can't tempt me. (He starts for the door again.) Are you sure that every day is a holiday and the whole year vacation?

CANDLEWICK--Absolutely.

PINOCCHIO--And there are mountains of candy and trees of ice cream?

CANDLEWICK--Positively.

PINOCCHIO--What a wonderful place it must be. I think I will stay and see you off.

THE CRICKET--Pinocchio, you promised. Come on--it's getting late and we've got to hurry.

PINOCCHIO--Quiet, Jiminy. Let me alone.

THE CRICKET--What about the Blue Fairy?

PINOCCHIO--Oh, she'll scold - and when she gets through she'll stop. And I don't have to listen anyhow. (He comes back. There is the sound of horns and hooves, the shouting and singing of boys, and the top of a coach appears outside the window. It is covered with children. And there is a coachman all dressed up on the box.

DRIVER--Well, my boy, are you going along?

CANDLEWICK--I certainly am.

DRIVER--I must warn you. So many are going that there isn't room inside my coach, and the other one is full and already gone. You'll have to sit on top.

CANDLEWICK--Just what I wanted to do anyway. (He leaps aboard) Oh boy! Ice cream and candy, here I come.

DRIVER--(To Pinocchio) And you, young man, are you coming too?

PINOCCHIO--No, I am going to school like a good boy.

DRIVER--Oh well, if you insist. But I didn't go to school and look at me now! I'm driving this wonderful coach.

THE BOYS--(Shouting) Come with us! We're going to have fun! Don't be a spoilsport! School can wait!

PINOCCHIO--No, no, no. What would the fairy say?

THE CRICKET--You know very well what she'll say. You're heading for trouble again and I won't be responsible.

PINOCCHIO--I'm big enough to take care of myself.

DRIVER--Sure you are. I wouldn't let a fairy push me around. What can a fairy do for you that hasn't already been done where we're going?

PINOCCHIO--That's true. You're right. Welllllllll--Make room, here I come! (He climbs through the window, leaps onto the coach, the driver cracks his whip and the coach moves off)

THE CRICKET--Pinoke, you'll get into real trouble. Come back, come back! Hey, Pinoke, wait for me! (He leaps through the window as the scene fades)

ACT II Scene 3 -- The Land of the Boobies

This land resembles a country fair with booths, balloons, and all the fol-de-rol. In rear, there should be a dock and a seascape. Boothkeepers are the crowd of the Puppet Show. Scene in Act I. There can be signs: "To the Merry-go-round," "To the Giant Swing," etc. Could be candy-painted houses, etc. In and among all this is a crowd of boys 8 to 14, all having a great good time. At scene opening, Pinocchio and Candlewick are down right.

PINOCCHIO--What a wonderful land this is!

CANDLEWICK--I told you it would be. Nothing to do but have fun, day after day.

PINOCCHIO--Yes, we've been here a year now, with no work, no school, no study - and I owe it all to you. You were right.

CRICKET--(Entering). Come on. Pinoke, let's get out of here. I don't like it - there's something funny about this place. Nobody could get so much for nothing. There's got to be a catch in it.

PINOCCHIO--Jiminy, you keep talking about trouble and wanting to go home. If you don't like it here, why don't you go? I don't need you here and all you do is break in when I'm having fun.

CANDLEWICK--Ah, forget him, Pinocchio, let's go play some pool. Besides, I'm out of cigarettes. (They start across stage.) I hear there's a new show in town - a donkey circus that only older boys can go to. Want to go?

PINOCCHIO--Sure. We've been doing the same thing for days - let's be on our way. So long, Jiminy. (They go off)

CRICKET--You're going to be sorry, Pinoke. I feel it in my bones. There's something wrong about this whole setup.

THE COACHMAN--(Enters) Calling all senior boys - all senior boys. You, and you alone, can see the marvelous performing donkeys. The show of your life - for one-year boys only. Follow me. (He goes out, followed by two or three boys.)

CRICKET--Guess I'd better go see what's going on there. Sounds suspicious to me. I thought all the boys could do everything. In fact, I thought all the boys had to do everything. That's what I don't like. Just because I don't play around all the time, nobody will talk to me, and the Coachman gives me a glassy eye. (He goes out.)

FIRST BOY--I saw the great whale again today. He was right in close to the dock where all the sailboats are.

SECOND BOY--You said the same thing yesterday. There isn't any whale - you're just making it up to try to scare me.

FIRST BOY--No, I'm not. Several of the other boys saw it, too, so I can prove what I say. We ran back to save our lives. He's like an ocean liner, only bigger, with a mouth like a 2-car garage door.

SECOND BOY--I'd believe it if I saw him. I'm going down there tomorrow.

FIRST BOY--Aren't you scared?

SECOND BOY--Naw. Why should I be? So what's a whale? He can't get me up on land.

PINOCCHIO--(Entering down left wearing long cap over ears). Anybody seen Candlewick? We're going to the Donkey Show together.

CRICKET--(Entering down left) Why are you wearing the funny hat, Pinoke? Hey, why are you...

CANDLEWICK--(Entering). Hey, Pinocchio, where are you? (He too is wearing a long cap.) It's time for the show. Anybody seen Pinocchio? (They meet at down center). Oh, there you are!

PINOCCHIO--How are you, my dear Candlewick?

CANDLEWICK--Very well, thank you - like a mouse in a cheese cellar.

PINOCCHIO--Is that so? You are telling me the truth?

CANDLEWICK--Why should I tell you a lie?

PINOCCHIO--Excuse me, but may I ask why you are wearing that cap if you are not ill?

CANDLEWICK--Of course. About ten minutes ago, I had the bad luck to fall and hurt my knee, and the doctor insists I wear this cap to make it well again. And you, my dear Puppet, why are you wearing that cap?

PINOCCHIO--About ten minutes ago, I too had a misfortune. I grazed my shin. The doctor insists I wear this cap until my shin is healed.

CANDLEWICK--My poor Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO--My poor Candlewick! (A noticeable pause) Allow me to ask a further question, my dear Candlewick. Have you ever suffered with any disease of the ears?

CANDLEWICK--None, sir, never. And you?

PINOCCHIO--Never. However, it happens that one of my ears has been aching since I grazed my shin.

CANDLEWICK--One of mine also pains me since I hurt my knee.

PINOCCHIO--You also? And which one of your ears hurts you?

CANDLEWICK--Well, both, to tell the truth. And yours?

PINOCCHIO--Both of mine, too. Can we have the same illness?

CRICKET--I told you, Pinoke, you'd be sick!

CANDLEWICK--Quiet, you bug! I fear we have the same illness indeed, my dear Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO--Will you do me a kindness, Candlewick?

CANDLEWICK--Willingly, with all my heart.

PINOCCHIO--Will you let me see your ears?

CANDLEWICK--I'd be delighted. But do me the honor of showing me yours first.

PINOCCHIO--I wouldn't think of being first - you, by all means.

CANDLEWICK--No, you - I insist.

PINOCCHIO--I have an idea. Let's both take off our caps at the same time. Agreed?

CANDLEWICK--Agreed! Here we go - one, two, three. (They both pull off their caps. Both have donkey ears.)

CANDLEWICK--Ho, ho, ho, donkey ears! Donkey ears!

PINOCCHIO--Donkey ears, donkey ears. Ho, ho, ho!

CRICKET--Now, you're in for it!

OWL--(Entering) Master Pinocchio, Master Pinocchio! Can anyone direct me to Master Pinocchio?

CANDLEWICK--Easy, my good bird. He's standing right here. (They cross) Pinocchio, an Owl to see you.

OWL--Master Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO--At your service. And you, I believe, are Dr. Owl, who attended me in my illness at the Blue Fairy's house a year ago. And how is she?

OWL--Not at all well. She is, in fact, sick, first because you left her so suddenly, and second because your father, Geppetto, has disappeared. He has been searching for you for a year, asking everyone where you could be. The last we knew, he had heard of this land and was on his way here to see if you could be here.

PINOCCHIO--I am very sorry to have caused my poor papa such pain, and sorry as well that I repaid the Blue Fairy so poorly for her help. I have broken promises to everyone, but it has been such fun. No school, no study, just fun.

OWL--Will you not leave all this and come home to the Blue Fairy? She will then not be so ill, and you can help us search for your father.

PINOCCHIO--No, I can't come back now. This is the land every boy dreams about, the land of pleasure and fun. And I can't go back after breaking so many promises. I am just a wooden-headed puppet and had better stay here.

OWL--Please think of the Blue Fairy, Pinocchio, and of your father, who can never be admitted here. He is too smart to be fooled by all this, so they would never let him pass the gates.

PINOCCHIO--What do you mean, too smart? And why would they not admit him?

OWL--Because only foolish boys who will not study and do not do what they should are admitted here. Didn't you know that a booby - after which this land is named - is a very foolish bird?

PINOCCHIO--No, I didn't. But you, sir, are a very wise bird and I believe you know where my poor papa really is. Where is he?

OWL--Alas, he was seeking for you with a small boat, and the Great Whale swallowed him! He is gone forever, I fear.

PINOCCHIO--How can I find him? How can I go to him? Tell me, good Owl.

OWL--You cannot unless you find the Whale.

PINOCCHIO--That I must do. But first, you are a doctor, so I would like to ask your advice.

OWL--But you already turned down my advice when you said you would not return with me to the Blue Fairy! However...

PINOCCHIO--Just a short time ago, I felt a strange buzzing in my ears. As I passed the goldfish pond I looked in, and found that my ears had fuzzy points. Now they itch and burn and I don't know what to do. Candlewick has the same illness.

CRICKET--I knew there was something funny going on!

OWL--Let me test your pulse...(Takes wrist). Humm. Now your tongue (Pinocchio sticks it out) Hah! (Owl feels Pinocchio's forehead). You have a fever.

PINOCCHIO--Oh, I am very, very ill. I want to go to the Blue Fairy at once. Where is she?

OWL--Not so fast, young sir. I am sorry, but I must give you very bad news.

PINOCCHIO--What is it? Tell me quickly.

OWL--You have Donkey Fever.

PINOCCHIO--I never heard of it. What is it?

OWL--It is a fever that everybody here catches sooner or later. And it works very fast. In less than an hour you will no longer be either a boy or a puppet. You will be a little donkey, like those that draw carts and carry vegetables and fruit to market.

PINOCCHIO--Hurry, doctor, do something! I'll be a good puppet and come with you and do everything you say. I want to - and I must - if I am to help my father. I can feel the ears growing longer right now.

OWL--I'm sorry, Boy, but there's nothing I can do. Your fever is incurable. All boys who are lazy and who laugh at books, at school and at teachers catch the fever sooner or later. By coming here, you only hastened the process, because these boys also give all of their time to play and fun. They have donkey heads - and sooner or later they show.

CRICKET--What did I tell you, Pinocchio? I knew you'd get into trouble, but you wouldn't listen to me.

PINOCCHIO--But it isn't my fault at all. Candlewick did it. He's to blame. He got me to go along on that coach. He told me about this place. I didn't know any better; I'm just a puppet!

CRICKET--I told you, again and again, that Candlewick would only get you both into trouble. But you wouldn't listen to good advice - only to bad.

OWL--Why did you follow the advice of that bad companion?

PINOCCHIO--Because puppets have no sense, and no heart. For if I had a heart, I never would have left my papa or the good fairy who loved me and did so much for me. And I wouldn't still be a puppet - I'd be a real little boy by this time. And my poor papa would be well and happy.

OWL--It is too late now. You had your chance and turned it down. The fairy would not want me to bring back a donkey, no matter how little he is, nor how well-mannered. And what can a donkey do to help your father? Good-bye, Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO--You are right, good owl, I have missed my chance. It is far, far too late. What is this (He feels his seat - to release a tail). See, my tail is growing already. (He turns to exhibit the tail) Now, I feel as if I must get down on all fours. I can't stand up anymore.

CANDLEWICK--(Enters on all fours and with a tail) Pinocchio, I have been looking all over for you. I cannot stand up and my voice is cracking. Hee haw!

PINOCCHIO--Mine too! Hee haw! (They run about)

COACHMAN--(Entering). Ah, there you are! You'll soon be two more lovely little donkeys. You are helping to make my fortune. For years I have been traveling around the world, picking up little boys who won't go to school, won't study, won't obey. They come here to the Land of the Boobies and have fun - for a little while. Then they turn into very nice donkeys. I have sold hundreds these last few years, to farmers, to grocers and storekeepers, to other coachmen, even to circuses. There seem to be so many boys who think like donkeys - I'm keeping two coaches

busy now rounding them up. And the profits have made me a millionaire. Ha ha ha!

(There is a rapid crescendo of sound and the rear of the stage begins to darken.)

SEVERAL BOYS--Run for your lives - The Great Whale is coming again. Look out, look out!

PINOCCHIO--I may be nothing but a donkey now, but maybe I can help my poor papa in that monster. Good bye everybody. (He half runs, half shambles to the end of the dock.)

CRICKET--Hey, Pinoke, here I come, too. Wait for me! (He also runs out on the pier.) (The rush of sound builds up to a peak and the stage blacks out. Various boys shriek as Pinocchio and Cricket leap into the darkness.) (Curtain)

ACT II Scene 4 - Inside the Great Whale

Absolute blackness at curtain opening, with water sounds "outside" and maybe the sighing sound of an asthmatic monster breathing. As the lights brighten, Geppetto can be seen, seated on a barrel or case down rt.

GEPPETTO--I am lost. Now I can never help Pinocchio, and no one will ever find me. What a miserable end to all my plans!

TUNNY--(A fish, swimming up) Who do you think could save you? No one can save himself here!

GEPPETTO--Who are you?

TUNNY--I am a poor tuna who was swallowed by the whale at the same time you were. What kind of fish are you?

GEPPETTO--I am not a fish at all - at least I don't think so, although I am poor enough. I am, or was, a wood carver and was seeking my son, a puppet, when the whale swallowed me with my boat.

TUNNY--Why did you let yourself be swallowed?

GEPPETTO--I had no choice - the monster simply gulped me up. And, now, what can we do here in the dark?

TUNNY--Just relax and wait for the end, for sooner or later we'll both be digested.

GEPPETTO--But I don't want to be digested!

TUNNY--No more do I. But I have been thinking that if one is born a fish, it is better to die in water than fry in a pan in oil.

GEPPETTO--That is nonsense! Everybody, fish or person, should have a chance to live his life.

TUNNY--Perhaps he should, but it seems that we will not in any case. There's no escape.

GEPPETTO--Is this whale very big?

TUNNY--Well, I've made a few exploratory trips around, and I'd guess his body is two miles long, not counting the tail.

GEPPETTO--Too big! One would become lost, and I don't dare try to go very far in the dark -- I cannot swim very well. Wait! There is a little flickering light! Where does it come from?

TUNNY--Probably a lantern fish waiting to be digested. (A dim light grows up stage L)

GEPPETTO--No, the light flickers like a candle. Perhaps it is someone who can help us escape.

TUNNY--Hope if you want to. That's all the good it will do. I'm going exploring a little more.

GEPPETTO--It has been nice to talk to you. I was very lonely. I hope you and I may meet again under better circumstances. (The tuna "swims" off as the light nears.)

PINOCCHIO--(Who is carrying the light). Papa! Papa!

GEPPETTO--That sounds like Pinocchio's voice, but it cannot be. Oh, my lost boy!

PINOCCHIO--Papa, papa! Where are you?

CRICKET--Pinoke, you're crazy to get into this whale. I hate to be a Jonah, but we're never going to find Geppetto and never going to get out of here alive.

PINOCCHIO--The first thing to do is to find Geppetto, and then we can worry about escaping. Papa, Papa!

GEPPETTO--Who calls?

PINOCCHIO--(rushing up) Papa, Papa! It is I, Pinocchio! At last I have found you. I will never leave you again.

GEPPETTO--Pinocchio, it is you! Do my eyes tell me true?

PINOCCHIO--They do, they do. I am your own Pinocchio, come to find and rescue you. I was in the Land of The Boobies and - my ears, my tail! They are gone!

GEPPETTO--Your ears are there, just as I made them. And what tail?

CRICKET--(Who has been hopping about). You should have seen them when we left Boobyland! He had ears and a tail like a jackass! And that's just what he was, too, going there in the first place.

GEPPETTO--Ah, yes, now I remember you - you were once the cricket on my hearth, but you have been gone a long time.

CRICKET--Yes, I've been trying to keep track of Pinoke here, and it has been uphill work! You should have carved him with a brain - or at least with a little sense!

GEPPETTO--He was so much smarter than any puppet I've ever seen that I thought he could think. But pardon me for neglecting my duties as a host. Have you eaten?

PINOCCHIO--Yes, we have. The whale, when he swallowed us, also swallowed the end of the pier and two candy stands from which the people had fled. From them we got food as well as this candle I'm carrying. I had more, but we've used them up, seeking you. We had better start to escape right now, or the light will be gone.

GEPPETTO--Escape? How?

PINOCCHIO--Past the teeth and out the mouth of the whale. We can throw ourselves into the sea and swim to shore.

GEPPETTO--You perhaps can, my boy, but not I. I cannot swim that well.

PINOCCHIO--Don't worry. I am a good swimmer and will help you. Besides, I am mostly wood, so I can float. I could even carry you if you need it. And the whale is old and troubled with his breathing, so must sleep with his mouth open. He has been very quiet since I found you, so he may be going to sleep. I can burn a little of my coat to make smoke. This will choke him a little, to be sure he opens his mouth. Here we go! (He tears off a part of his jacket, lights it. Actually, this is faked. He uses smoke-producing powder in an insulated pan, which he lights by his "candle". This can be an all-electric rig. As the smoke starts, there is a gigantic snort, then the mouth opens.) There, Father, there is his mouth. Let us hurry out. Quickly now! I will leap into the sea with Cricket, then you jump on my back, and I will take care of the rest.

GEPPETTO--I am afraid, but you are a brave boy. (They start to the mouth, which snaps shut just as they get close. They fall back and repeat, two or three times.)

PINOCCHIO--This time we must make it -- he is beginning to stir. Now!

CRICKET--Alley Ooop! Right after you, Pinoke. Jump, Geppetto! (Geppetto does - their subsequent speeches are "outside" the mouth)

TUNNY--Would you mind if I come along?

PINOCCHIO--By all means. Quietly now, everybody, so he doesn't wake!

TUNNY--Why don't you hang onto my tail? I'll tow you all in to shore.

PINOCCHIO--Thank you, good fish! Here we go.

(The whale snorts - even sneezes - and the jaws click closed...Curtain)

ACT II Scene 5 - Geppetto's Hut

The same set as in Act I - Scene 1, if anything a little more tired and worn. Sunset. No one is inside.

PINOCCHIO--(From outside) Lean on my arm, Papa. Only a few steps more. Cricket, help me carry him. (They enter) Here we are, Papa, home at last.

CRICKET--Back where we started from so long ago. By golly, Pinoke, it's good to be here, even if it is cold and we're wet and worn out.

PINOCCHIO--If it hadn't been for the Tunny, we'd never have made it. Nothing like a towboat. (He is settling Geppetto among the shavings)

CRICKET--And you're practically a raft.

PINOCCHIO--I still hope to be a real boy someday. But right now we must get Geppetto warm. You start a fire and I will hunt for food.

GEPPELTO--Let us just rest tonight. I am very tired and you must be more tired than I am. That was a long trip.

PINOCCHIO--Never fear, Papa, I'll hurry back. I saw the farmer Giangio in his field as we came up. (He goes out)

CRICKET--Geppetto, I think Pinocchio is changing, growing up. He is doing what he says, remembering about others.

PINOCCHIO--(Re-entering) We are very lucky. The farmer Giangio was on his way here, because he saw us stagger up from the shore. Here are a pitcher of goat milk and a loaf of bread and some cheese. I am to go to work for him tomorrow morning. He will pay me four pennies a day. So we will soon have clothes and food again.

GEPPELTO--(Falling to) This is welcome food and more welcome news, my son.

CROW--(Appearing at the door) Master Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO--Yes?

CROW--I come from the Blue Fairy, who is very ill. She has been sick for almost a year, and has not enough money or magic left to get even food.

PINOCCHIO--I am very sorry to hear that she is ill. Here, take her what's left of ours right now. And tomorrow night I can give you two pennies if you will come for them. And when can I see her? It must be at night or on Sunday because I must work all day.

GEPPELTO--But Pinocchio, neither you nor Cricket has eaten anything.

PINOCCHIO--That doesn't matter, Papa. You have eaten, and we are young and strong and can wait. We will eat tomorrow when I have earned some pennies.

CROW--The Blue Fairy is too ill to see anyone, perhaps too ill to eat. Are you sure you can spare food now?

PINOCCHIO--Please take it to help the good fairy. I will always remember how she helped me. Fly to her as fast as you can, and I hope that tomorrow you can bring better news. Tell her not to worry, we'll take care of her now. (Crow hurries out) Now, Father, you must lie down to rest. Let us see who can sleep first.

GEPPETTO--Good night, my dear son. (He slouches over to his corner and rolls up in newspapers.) I shall remember this day as long as I live.

PINOCCHIO--Good night, Papa. If you waken before I do, call me, because I must be at Farmer Giangio's at sunrise.

(Geppetto goes to sleep. Pinocchio tiptoes about the cottage, cleaning and straightening things up. Cricket gets in his way as often as not. There is much shushing and a few hissed "Quiet" remarks. Pinocchio goes out and returns with some field flowers that look at best a little pathetic, although better than nothing. He finally signals Cricket to leave things as they are and the two lie down to sleep, Cricket on the hearth, Pinocchio rolled up in a rug in the corner.)

BLUE FAIRY--(Enters and crosses to Pinocchio). Well done, Pinocchio. I forgive you for all that is past. And to reward you for your good heart and your efforts to improve, I grant you your greatest wish. Good bye, Pinocchio. I will not see you again, but I will be near, watching, always. (She touches him with her wand, then various objects in the room. It is transformed into a comfortable home, with curtains, flowers, well-stocked shelves, as you watch. The table is covered with a white cloth. She opens the shutters, and the sun is rising. After one last look, she goes out. The cuckoo clock comes to with a vigorous six. Pinocchio awakens. He sees the sun is up, leaps to his feet. He is no longer a puppet, but a boy, with real hair, clothes, etc. A few quick skips around the room, and...)

PINOCCHIO--Wake up, Papa, wake up. I dreamed last night that the Blue Fairy is well and came to see us. She gave me my greatest wish. And it's all true! I am a boy,

a real boy - and look at our house. And here's the coat I wanted to get you.

(Geppetto sits up, rubbing his eyes, then jumps up. He, Pinocchio and Cricket are in a wild dance - Geppetto pumping a concertina, Cricket dancing, Pinocchio repeating...) I am a boy at last, a real boy at last!

(Curtain)